PLEASURES AND PALACES

Not Every Department Store Clerk Is Courted by a Millionaire—

BY ROYAL BROWN

There Are Motor Cars and Motor Cars—But—

EVEN in khaki overalls, Jimmie Cromartie was not without masculine charm. In evening clothes, as grand marshal of the annual ball and benefit of the Plumbers' Union, Local No. 673, he—well, Denise Luydon had reason to look like the kitten who has swallowed the canary.

For the sake of Denny he even dared the depths of Marston's bargain basement, where sh ewas "At Home" from eight-thirty to five-thirty every weekday.

"Oh, I'll say you've got him hooked!" acknowledged pert-lipped, dark-haired Number 833. "My Marty wouldn't come down here for a couple of farms. I hope," she added gratuitously, "that you aren't throwing yourself away on him, though. If I had your looks I'd marry a million. You could!"

But Denny was beginning to suspect that she would rather have him without a million than any other man with. The only trouble with Jimmy as a lover was that he was redheaded and you never knew when he was going up in the air.

"And I," as Denny admitted to No. 833, "have some red in my hair myself."

Jimmy had just bought a second-hand flivver with what is known as a speedster body. He explained that he had picked it up dirt cheap.

"It's not good enough for you, kid," he said huskily. "And neither am I. You ought to be traveling around in a Shields Double-Six."

The smile she flashed at him was worth traveling more miles to see than that old psuedo speedster of Jimmy's had left in it.

"I'd look fine in a Shields Double-Six, wouldn't I?" she mocked. "Let's go!"

"Let's," agreed Jimmy with renewed buoyancy.

This made it unanimous, save for the car. Its misbehavior, coupled with the impertinence of the younger set ever in evidence in the neighborhood, had removed some of the sheen from the morning, a Sunday in May. But the irreparable might not have happened if, after they had swung into the Fens, a limousine had not rolled by.

"Is that a Shields Double-Six?" demanded Denny, with interest.

Jimmy gave it an austere side glance. "Yep," he assented in a tone that should have warned her.

"I'd like," she murmured, "to ride in a car like that—if only just once!"

"I don't doubt it," commented Jimmy unpleasantly. Then, as Denny looked at him wide-eyed with surprise, he added, "Don't let me stop you!"

Denny's lovely eyes narrowed. "Do you mean you think I couldn't get the chance?" she demanded, forthwith.

"Not at all!" he retorted, but she knew he meant her to believe just that.

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THE psuedo-speedster speeded on, but romance had blown a tire. And so it was that Denny delivered her ultimatum. "I wouldn't marry a man with a temper like yours for a million," flared Denny. "If you'll please stop this—this car, I'll walk home."

"I'd like to see a girl," observed Jimmy, "who wouldn't marry anything with a million tagged to it. That's what all girls want nowadays—money!"

"Are you going to let me out?" demanded Denny, frigidly.

He drove her home instead.

"Sorry to have butted in where I wasn't welcome," he announced. "I'll see it don't happen again."

"That," sweetly, "is dear of you, Mr. Cromartie. Katie Kennedy would love to go for a ride with you. Why don't you take her?"

Jimmy stepped on the gas.

"He'll be around again," Denny assured herself, serenely. "And maybe I'll be at home and maybe I won't."

Some hours later Denny was seated by her window, overlooking the alley, drying her hair, when a bearer of tidings approached.

"Thought I'd drop in," said the latter, too casually. "Say, Jimmy took Katie Kennedy riding this afternoon."

"I told him to," Denny said, serenely, and added, "Jimmy's become an awful bore lately."

She maintained the pose admirably, too, until her visitor departed. But then Denny's pretty mouth set grimly.

"So he took her!" she murmured. "Well, he can have her. I should worry!"

"I'd like," Denny informed Number 833 the next day, "to have one of those guys that write movies about millionaires wandering around bargain basements stand around here a while. I'll bet their feet would get more tired than mine do before they saw one."

Number 833 gave her a quick glance.

"Have you quarreled with Jimmy?" she asked with interest.

"I'm through with him," amended Denny, with dignity.

Number 833 giggled. "And now you're after a millionaire?"

Denny smiled in spite of herself. "I'll admit I don't see any standing around in line. But, believe me, if I got a chance——"

Abruptly she broke off and as abruptly her expression changed so that she looked more like a rosy cherub listening to some celestial choir than a shop girl who—the truth must out—had been almost caught in the act of chewing gum.

Number 833 cast startled eyes around.

"Egypt's queen!" she gasped. "The boss himself. And look who's with him. Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm——"

Denny did not know who Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm might be, but there was no question but that she was somebody.

No one, save herself, knew why she had descended to the bargain basement. She had peremptorily ordered Marston to take her there, and he had obeyed.

"Who," she demanded, "is that girl—the one with the wonderful hair?"

"I don't happen to know," he confessed. "But I'll be glad to find out."

"I'll find out myself," she cut in.

Now what followed, as Number 833 told her Marty afterward, certainly beat the movies!

"What," demanded Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm, "is your name?"

"Why Denny—I mean Denise Luydon," Denny managed to answer.

"Have you any family?" persisted her inquisitor.

The glance that Denny gave Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm was a match for that which the latter gave her.

"No," she retorted coolly, "have you?"

Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm was eyeing the flushed loveliness that Denny presented her so unflinchingly.

"She'll do," she murmured. And then, addressing Denny directly. "Please get your hat—I want to talk to you."

"Oh!" Denny protested. "I couldn't get off——"

"That will be all right," Marston intervened. "Do as Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm says."

"Don't be an ass, Marston," suggested Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm. Then, to Denny, "I'm not going to eat you, child. Don't be afraid!"

Afraid! That was enough for Denny.

"You're on," said she. "I'll be ready in a jiff!"

"Oh, gee," breathed No. 833, while Denny powdered her nose and adjusted her hat, "supposing she should adopt you——"

"If she does you can have my gum," retorted Denny coolly. "I parked it under the counter."

"She," No. 833 went on, "has a wonderful place at Exeter Pool, greenhouses and tennis courts and cows with class written all over them——"

"I hope it hasn't bars on the windows," commented Denny. "She sounds as if she had escaped from some such place."

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NEVERTHELESS, she went along with Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm

"I wonder," that lady suggested abruptly, "what you are thinking about all this."

"I am thinking," retorted Denny diplomatically, "that in about five minutes the old alarm clock will go off and I'll wake up."

Appreciation of that glinted briefly in Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm's eyes.

"Remember Cinderella, child," she retorted. "Perhaps I'm your fairy godmother. Anyhow the modern version of the coach and four awaits outside."

It was after all an American car, the best, perhaps, but at least three years old. The upholstery was luxurious if sedate, and the chauffeur and footman were smartly if somberly liveried. As Denny's quick glance took all this in, the older woman watched her.

"She'll do," she decided yet again.

Then aloud: "I'm not crazy," she announced grimly. "Merely in my dotage. An old woman to be humored until she has the grace to pass on and leave her money to those better fitted to spend it. But—well, I'm not dead yet!"

"I'll say you're not," thought Denny.

"No," Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm went on, "I guess I've got enough of what my granddaughter calls pep to beat her at her own game. And that's what I propose to do with your assistance."

"Now," thought Denny, "for the string."

"What," she demanded, "do I do?"

"Act natural—be yourself."

Denny gave her a direct glance. "Say, what do you expect; that I'll eat with my knife? Am I to be a horrible example generally? Is that the big idea?"

"It might be a good one," remarked Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm thoughtfully. "Yes—why not?"

"Excuse me—I'd rather go back to the bargain basement." This Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm ignored.

"I don't know," said she, "but what I would do well to adopt you at that. You might amuse me and that"—ever so grimly—"is more than most people do."

And so they swept on to that far-famed millionaires' colony that lies along the north shore, and finally to Exeter Pool. They stopped there in the village before the specialty shops.

"We'll get you outfitted now," Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm said.

Soon they were on their way once more. The car turned in from the state road, up a poplar-lined drive to the house. Denny caught her breath.

"Egypt's Queen," she thought. "It looks like the Art Museum!"

"Now remember," Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm reminded her, "what I expect of you. You're Irish and you have Irish wit. I'm counting on the combination to carry you through."

In her eyes there was a certain humorous suggestion of a good joke shared that kindled Denny.

"Leave it to me," Denny promised blithely. "I'll be the limit. Say—shall I shake hands with the butler?"

The corners of Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm's mouth twitched. "Try it!" she said.

To the butler's horror Denny did. He withdrew his hand as if an adder had bitten it.

"Is Miss Mildred at home?" demanded Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm directly.

"No, ma'am; thank you, ma'am. She's gone to Gloucester——"

"I didn't ask you where she had gone," snapped Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm. "Send Moulton to me."

"Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm," he informed Moulton, "nearly took my 'ead off when I told her Mildred 'ad gone to Gloucester."

"I heard her tell Mildred she would take a girl from the bargain basement and adopt her if she didn't give up that artist chap," Moulton said. "You don't mean to tell me, though, that she has done so?"

"If Mildred persists we'll 'ave in her place 'ere, Moulton, a young woman who is utterly himpossible," he assured her.

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THE room in which Denny was established, with its soft tones of silver-gray contrasting with the vivid rose of the rugs and the hangings, was exquisite enough to awe her.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, miss?" the austere-eyed Moulton was demanding.

"You can stop looking as if you thought I had something contagious," Denny suggested coolly.

Moulton started. "Beg pardon, miss?" she gasped incredulously.

"Oh, run along!" commanded Denny impatiently.

Moulton obeyed and Denny inspected her room as a kitten might inspect a new and strange garret. Then she turned to her bath, with its white tiled floor. It was the tub itself that staggered Denny. This was of marble

"A SHOOTING STAR," HE EXCLAIMED. "DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S A SIGN OF?" "SURE," RETURNED DENNY. "IT'S A SIGN SOMEBODY'S ABOUT TO GET THEIR FACE SLAPPED."

set not on but into the floor, with steps leading down to it. From the tub she glanced up at the array of faucets.

"Well," she decided, "Jimmy would certainly feel at home. It looks like a plumber's paradise."

In surrendering her to Moulton Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm had announced that she herself was going to nap.

"My sole concession to age," she had explained. "Dinner will be at seven and your frocks will be here by six. Until then amuse yourself as you choose."

From her window Denny was seeing the grounds.

"Quite an improvement on McCarthy's backyard," she admitted.

Abruptly she turned from the window and, emerging into the long hall outside, found the marble staircase that led down to the reception hall.

At the foot of the stairs she encountered Hawkins.

"How does a person go about amusing themselves here?" she demanded.

Hawkins gathered his dignity about him. "There's tennis courts down by the boathouse. And if you 'appen to care for golf——"

"I don't 'appen to, somehow," Denny assured him. "Next."

Hawkins bowed like an automaton. "Perhaps you care for riding? There's some very good saddle horses in the stable. If you wish——"

"If they were on a merry-go-round I might be interested," she cut in. "Go on. What else have you to offer?"

"I'm sorry, miss, but that's all I can think of at this moment. Is there anything else, miss?"

"No," Denny assured him. But as he bowed again mischief lighted her eyes. "Unless you happen to have a piece of gum about you. I don't often indulge—but I'm desperate."

If Hawkins had, he swallowed it—anyway he swallowed something.

"I'm sorry, miss——"

"Oh, don't mind!" reassured Denny. "I didn't expect you would have."

The nod she dismissed him with was worthy of a princess.

The boathouse was closed. She surveyed the greenhouse and garage, stables and kennels.

"I wonder," she mused, "if they really have a good time with all this or just kid themselves into thinking they do."

"Hello!" came a blithe voice. "I've been looking for you."

Denny turned. A girl in a yellow sweater and sport hat, with linen skirt and low buckskin shoes, was coming toward her. She was very blond and very pretty.

"I'm Mildred Chisholm," she announced. "Granny just broke the news to me and I told her I'd look you up and take you over to the Country Club for tea." She smiled. "That rather floored her, I think."

Denny gave Mildred a quick, searching glance.

"Oh, please come!" urged Mildred. "Granny would throw a fit if we should become friends. She's trying to scare me into submission to that awful will of hers by threatening to leave you all her money, you know. But I don't care if she does. I'm going to marry Jimmy anyway."

"Jimmy?" gasped Denny incredulously.

"Why—you've got a Jimmy, too!" exclaimed Mildred delightedly. "How perfectly delicious. Come along and tell me all about him."

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SHE linked her arm through Denny's and started back toward the roadster she had left parked in the drive.

"My Jimmy's an artist. He's the most awful dear—I adore him," she confided. "What's your Jimmy?"

"A—a plumber," said Denny.

"Really? Where does he work? Tell me all about him. And about yourself, too!"

By the time they reached the Country Club Milly had the details.

"Do you mind if I tell them about the bargain basement?" she asked. "They'll be thrilled beyond words. Really!"

They were. They fairly besieged Denny with questions.

"That," announced one dark-haired little girl, "is what I call living. Really doing something—anything!"

Envy was in her eyes as she gazed at Denny.

"You'd change your mind quick enough," thought Denny.

Nevertheless she saw no reason to lessen the impression she had made. As they returned home, Milly turned a glowing face toward her.

"You made a hit!" she said. "I'm going to run up and tell Granny all about it before I dress for dinner."

Denny went to her own room. Spread out upon the bed was a smart little orchid satin frock for that evening and all the things that went with it.

From the bathroom came the sound of running water, and Moulton appeared.

"I've laid out your things, Miss," said she austerely. It's madam's orders that I help you with your dressing. I've taken the liberty of drawing your bath."

"Did madam also suggest that you make sure I wash behind my ears?" demanded Denny.

Moulton managed to control her tongue. "Not at all," she admitted.

"Then please don't try to," suggested Denny.

Eleven people waited downstairs, all dominated by Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm, regal in black satin and diamonds in old-fashioned setting.

"This," she announced, "is my adopted granddaughter, Denise Luydon."

The dinner itself was deadly, Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm herself setting the key by relapsing into a grim silence.

"Egypt's Queen!" thought Denny, "if this is the way they eat in society give me a quick lunch."

The only ones who did not seem depressed were Milly and a tanned young man with very white teeth who sat beside each other across the table from Denny.

The moment dinner was finished Milly's companion sought Denny out.

"I wonder if we couldn't skip off somewhere," he suggested audiciously. "Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm is going to take forty winks and everybody else will be comatose for the next half hour."

Denny glanced up at him. He reminded her somehow of Jimmy.

"Please come," he urged. "I've arranged for a moon on the sea——"

She hesitated, and was lost.

The wind was off the sea, fireflies lighted up the half murk of the Italian garden.

"Milly," he announced, "told me all about you at dinner. What did you think of that by the way?"

Denny hesitated.

"I'll say it for you," he offered. "They all try to kill time all day and finally murder it brutally at dinner. I wouldn't have appeared if Milly hadn't 'phoned that I'd be sorry if I didn't. I would have been, too," he added.

Denny slanted a glance at him. "Say," she commented, "you're a fast little worker, aren't you?"

"I've got to be," he retorted. "I'll bet Milly will manage to tell you all my bad points before bed time." He laid impulsive fingers over hers.

"Hold your breath!" he commanded. "The moon is about to rise!"

He was the first to break the silence that followed.

"A shooting star!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what that's a sign of?"

"Sure," retorted Denny cooly. "It's a sign somebody's apt to get their face slapped if they don't look out."

The white of his teeth flashed in a frankly unabashed smile.

"I like you!" he assured her buoyantly. "You're the real thing."

"I like your nerve!" observed Denny.

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STACY AMES was, in his way, almost irresistable. And against him Milly felt called upon to issue warning at bed time.

"He always rushes a girl that way," Milly assured Denny. "Still, he's really a dear, although his mother has done her best to spoil him. She was furious when he disappeared with you—and so was Granny. You see she wants me to marry him—"

"She does!"

Milly nodded. He sort of had a crush on me when he came back from France and—well, I couldn't see him. That was enough to set Granny off. Granny is that way. A thoroughly hateful old woman—but I'm kind of fond of her * * * My dear! What is happening in the bathroom?"

Denny looked about, startled. The bathroom door was just ajar, through the crevice came feather wisps of steam.

"My!" gasped Denny, "I left the water running——"

Milly sprang up. "What a lark!" she cried. "You must have turned the steam faucet by mistake. The room is full of it."

The expression on Denny's face, however, made her change her tone.

"Don't worry!" she advised. "We can turn it off."

They tried. But the bath was like a boiler.

"I—I almost reached it that time," coughed Denny. "Perhaps next time—"

"Let's not bother any more," suggested Milly. "I'll ring for Hawkins."

Hawkins appeared. "We want you to shut off the steam faucet in the bathroom," Milly commanded.

Hawkins managed to enter the bathroom.

"The faucet seems stuck," he announced and coughed. "Begging your pardon, Miss, I'd better shut the steam off downstairs and have somebody in the morning to fix the faucet."

"Do so," directed Milly.

Then, when Hawkins had retired. She turned to Denny.

"Don't worry—the plumbing's forever getting out of order," she said. She rose. "I'd better go to bed. Jimmy—my Jimmy, is painting surf at Rockport and I promised to be on hand by ten to motor him over. Night-night!"

They met again at breakfast, served in a bright little morning room. Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm, as Milly explained, never appeared before lunch.

"I'm commanded to appear before her at nine-thirty," she added. "I fear the worst."

"I'll bet," she added irrelevantly, "that Stacy Ames will be around this morning to see you. He has a peach of a new roadster—a Shields Double-Six. Stacy is a dear!" she went on. "Of course he's an awful will-o-the-wisp, but he's fallen hard for you. Trust another woman to see that. If you want a Shields Double-Six here's your chance."

Denny made no reply.

"I wonder—" thought Milly, and Denny wondered why Milly smiled.

"I'm sorry to leave you to Granny for lunch," Milly apologized as she rose, "but I'll be back for afternoon tea—if you survive. And by the way—where did you say your Jimmy worked?"

That surprised Denny, but she gave the desired information.

"Thank you," acknowledged Milly. "I wondered if I remembered rightly."

And then, with commendable blitheness, she departed leaving Denise to pass out on to the terrace with nothing in particular to do—and all day to do it in.

"I'll say this for the bargain basement," Denny was thinking, "at least there's always something doing there."

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EVENTUALLY she found herself down by the boathouse and there she seated herself.

"He," she mused, "is just red-headed and stubborn enough to marry Katie Kennedy to spite me, I suppose. Well—he can!"

When, an hour later, she started slowly back toward the house Stacy Ames suddenly appeared.

"I've got a new boat waiting," he announced joyously. "Will you take a ride with me?"

"I'll be ready in a jiff," she promised him.

Inside her room, however, she stopped short. The door to the bathroom stood open; on a rose-colored rug—inevitably—reposed an open bag of plumber's tools. The plumber stood back to her, lean and lithe and just six feet with his shoes on. The problem in plumbing engrossed him deeply, he failed to hear Denny. And that gave her all the time she needed to recover herself—precisely a second.

"Hello," said she coolly, "what are you doing here? Oh, it's me!" she assured him, meeting incredulity with all serenity, and asked sweetly, "How are you and Katie Kennedy getting along?"

"Fine," he retorted.

"I knew she was just the girl for you," she assured him. "And she's always been crazy about you, Jimmy."

Jimmy grunted. "I'm glad to hear that somebody is," he managed.

"Lots of girls are, Jimmy," Denny assured him. "I was sort of crazy about you myself once, you know."

"You needn't hammer that pipe so," she observed sweetly a moment later. "It's not me, you know."

Then, "You might ask me what I'm doing here. We were friends once, weren't we?"

"Yes," exploded the badgered Jimmy. "And I was just fool enough to think that——"

She went on relentlessly. "I was going to tell you all about Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm and how she wants to adopt me, but now I won't!"

So saying, she turned away.

"I don't envy Katie the job of handling you," said she.

"I don't envy the man that has to handle you," retorted Jimmy, goaded to it. "I could tell him a few things, whoever he may be——"

"Go ahead," she sugested. "He's waiting for me downstairs now. He's got a new Shields' double-six he wants to show me and"—recklessly—"he's got a million all right, all right, and the sweetest disposition. 'I'm crazy about him already."

To prove which, presumably, she marched to her dressing table and proceeded to powder her nose with great vigor. And there Milly, bursting in, discovered her.

"I've been looking everywhere for you," she announced. "Granny wants to see you at once——"

The sound of metal against metal, from the bathroom, gave her pause.

"Has the plumber come?" she demanded quickly. And as Denny nodded she rushed on breathlessly. "Did they send your Jimmy? I gave express orders that I wanted him and no other. I had a time getting them to let him come so far, but——"

"He's in there," admitted Denny.

"Introduce me to him," begged Milly.

"Introduce yourself," suggested Denny. "We're not exactly on speaking terms this morning——"

"I will," agreed Milly, but paused to remark: "You'd better not keep Granny waiting. I told her right out she was bluffing and she is perfectly furious."

Then she disappeared into the bathroom. Denny heard her blithe greeting to Jimmy. But she scorned eavesdropping and, lifting her firm little chin very high, she left the room.

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THE chimes in the steeple of St. Peter's-by-the-Sea were sounding eleven, exquisitely, as she entered the intimate domain of her professed fairy godmother, who at that moment looked more like a fire-breathing ogre.

"I hope," snapped Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm, "that you'll learn that one of my little peculiarities is that I prefer people to come at once when I send for them and not at their convenience. Sit down, I have something to say to you."

"I prefer to stand," Denny retorted in a voice that matched Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm's. "That's one of my little peculiarities. I get used to it in the bargain basement, you know."

Now as to what followed after this auspicious beginning neither Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm nor Denny ever had much to say, but at the end of ten minutes Denny emerged and, walking down the marble staircase with her head held higher than ever, almost walked into Stacy Ames.

"Say!" he announced reproachfully, "I'd begun to think you'd given me the go-by."

"Oh!" she retorted, startled. "I—I—I'm sorry, but——"

Exactly five minutes later Jimmy gave the steam faucet a twirl and threw the Stillson wrench into his bag.

"I'm sorry," Milly murmured, helplessly. "I just thought that if I could get you two together you'd forgive and forget——"

He stooped and picked up his bag. "I," he announced, "wouldn't forgive her if she got down on her knees and begged me to. And there's that."

"I don't think you're very nice," flashed Milly.

"Neither does she," he retorted, "so that makes it quite unanimous, I suppose."

And thereupon he took his departure down the back stairs over which he had come.

The door by which he had entered gave into a latticed-in areaway. He had left his flivver drawn up so that just the rear end showed beyond this. He lifted the cover up, hurled his bag in, slammed the cover down and lighted a match.

"You," said the softest voice imaginable, "weren't very long, were you?"

Jimmy could only gape incredulously.

"If you don't want me here," Denny challenged quickly, "I'll——"

Jimmy swallowed. "I do," he said, fervently, "but I thought——"

A blush ran from her throat to her lovely hair.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she broke in impetuously, "I suppose we'll get like the McCarthys and quarrel all the time, but I'd—I'd rather quarrel the rest of my life with you than any man I know!"

"You mean——"

She nodded. "I think," she assured him, "that I might have gotten a Shields double-six at that, but—oh, Jimmy, I love our flivver!"

She thrust open a battered door invitingly and he got in.

"But you said," he began, "that the old lady——"

"Did yiu think," she demanded, "that I'd stay here getting the willies while that Katie Kennedy grabbed you? I guess not!"

Then, swiftly, she snuggled up against him.

"Home, James—dearest," she commanded. And, glancing up at him from under her beautiful lashes, she added, "'Mid pleasures and palaces—there's no place like it, is there, Jimmy?"

He swallowed. "And you're giving them all up?"

"Well," confesed Denny, "Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm is awfully mad at me now, but I wouldn't be surprised if she'd be sport enough to send me the stuff she bought for me anyway. It—it would make a lovely trousseau, Jimmy!"

And Mrs. Winthrop-Chisholm—being sport enough—did.

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"SORRY TO HAVE BUTTED IN WHERE I WASN'T WELCOME," JIMMIE ANNOUNCED.

Bread Without Flour.

IN FRANCE bread has been made without flour in a machine that transforms the wheat directly into dough. This machine has a large screw turning loosely in a case on the inner surface of which is a screw thread running in an opposite direction. Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove becomes progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain as it enters the machine, at the same time accommodating only the pulverized wheat at the exit.

The wheat is prepared by a thorough washing, after which operation about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, the whole mixture being allowed to stand for some six hours. The grains of wheat having swollen to twice their size, the mixture is then treated with yeast and salt and is poured into the machine. It falls between the threads of the moving screw, which simultaneously crushes the envelope and body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture that forms a smooth paste.

Bread made by this process contains a succession of holes, whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is thin. The odor given off is said to be most agreeable.

New Vegetable Ivory.

A FRENCH scientist has discovered a new form of vegetable ivory, which can be used in European industry. This new substance is produced by the kernel of an edible fruit growing upon a palm of the upper Senegal-Niger territory. The kernel is seven or eight centimeters long and five centimeters broad, thus permitting the cutting of balls or plates of considerable size, to be used in marquetry or the making of dominoes, piano keys, buttons and so on. The kernel becomes extremely hard when dried. It is now being used as building stones for the making of houses of native chiefs.

Changing Color With Heat.

MEMBERS of the Physical Society in London were interested at a recent meeting by an exhibition of specimens of paint which change their color with variations of the temperature. One of these paints is red at ordinary temperatures, but turns black in a few seconds when warmed in front of a stove, or otherwise heated to 206 degrees Fahrenheit. Another paint is yellow until heated to a temperature of 113 degrees Fahrenheit, when it becomes dark red. They are called "heat-indicating paints," but are little more than scientific curiosities.